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GEM

VOL. 22 No. 4 APRIL 1981

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NON-PORNOGRAPHY CODE SEAL

Our Non-Pornography Code Seal is a warranty that this magazine does not contain material that graphically depicts acts of sexual intercourse, sodomy, sadomasochistic abuse, sexual bestiality, masturbation, excretion, incest, child molestation, and male genitalia.

This magazine is, however, intended for adults only and does feature the big up front shapes of girls from all over the world, as well as sex-related, but not obscene, articles, stories, cartoons and humor.

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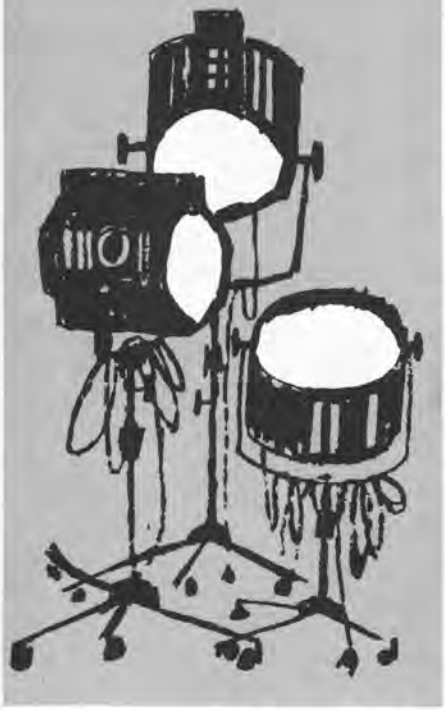
GEM is published bi-monthly by G&S Publications, Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. Single copies: $2.50. Subscription rates: 6 issues in U.S. and possessions: $12.00; 12 issues; $24.00. Canada and foreign: Single copies $2.50. Subscriptions: 6 issues $14.00; 12 issues: $28.00. Unsolicited material should be accompanied by stamped, addressed envelope. Although reasonable precautions will be taken, the publishers can accept no responsibility for the return of photographs and stories. Any similarity in names and places mentioned in fiction and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. *Entire contenst copyright 1981 by G&S Publications, Inc. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A.*

"If she's a surprise birthday gift for Junior, why are you taking her into our bedroom?"

PASS
IN REVIEW



RECORDS

Flaco Jimenez: El Sondido De San Antonio (Arhoolie) dishes up a heaping serving of *norteno*, Texas's accordion-dominated chicano dance music. Flaco is the hottest squeeze-box man on the scene today, and he's been getting wide exposure through his work with Ry Cooder and appearances on TV's "Austin City Limits." *Norteno* joins Mexican rancheros with polkas, waltzes and other forms. Flaco's playing reveals a trace of blues and jazz, but not enough to dilute the music's basic character. A lyric sheet with Spanish lyrics and English translations is provided. Flaco's father was an accordion ace in his own day, and Flaco accompanies him on bajo sexto on *Santiago Jiminez,* also on Arhoolie. The music here is drumless and more traditional, but is infused with the same feeling and rhythmic bounce that characterizes Flaco's music. *Norteno* is an American folk tradition that has not been heard much outside of its native turf. This situation is now being remedied due to Flaco's newfound fame and the numerous *norteno* releases on Arhoolie.

Home Again Blues (Mamlish) is an anthology of post-war blues, running the gamut from delta-style to the ragtime style of the Carolinas and early electric blues that paved the way for the amplified Chicago blues. This fine collection showcases a number of excellent but obscure blues artists. Among the many highlights are Bluesboy Bill's Robert Johnson-inspired "Come on Babe," Eddie Kirkland's "Time For My Lovin' To Be Done" and Brother Wille Eason's "I Want To Live." There's plenty of exciting music here. Blues guitar freaks will have a field day here.

FLACO JIMENEZ

The George Shearing Trio: Five Hundred Miles High (PAUSA) is a 1977 session featuring the jazz pianist with guitarist Louis Stewart and bassist Niels Henning Orsted-Pedersen. Shearing is in top form here, and is particularly impressive on the standard "Here's That Rainy Day," taken at an unusally brisque tempo. One of the disc's merits is that it gives plenty of room to Stewart, whose melodic, succinct guitar work has not been heard much outside of Ireland and England. The chestnut "Old Folks" is a vehicle for the remarkable Niels Pedersen, whose tone, chops, and imagination never fail to amaze.

The Clark Terry Five: Memories of Duke (Pablo) pays tribute to the late Ellington with jazz that is both hot and thoughtful. The trumpeter is in top form here, with a crack rhythm section consisting of Jack Wilson (piano), Joe Pass (guitar), Ray Brown (bass), and Frank Severino. Pass contributes some fine, bluesy playing on "Things Ain't What They Used To Be" and "Happy Go Lucky Local." The moody "Passion Flower" and "Echoes of Harlem" are our favorite tracks here.

Sahib Shihab: All-Star Sextets (Savoy) reissues three 1957 sessions featuring the underrated baritone saxist. Shihab was one of the few who succeeded in adapting the innovations of bop to the baritone. These sides offer quintessential hard bop blowing by Shihab and an impressive cast of musicians including Benny Golson, Phil Woods, Clifford

Jordan and Oscar Petiford. The late Bill Evans is heard on some of these recordings. Although he hadn't fully developed his own voice, Evans' approach is already cooler and more introspective than that of Hank Jones, who plays piano on the remaining tracks. There's some interesting material here, penned by Melba Liston and Shihab himself. Liston's "The Moors" is particularly engrossing.

Kenny Barron and Ted Dunbar: In Tandem (Muse) showcases the pianist and guitarist in a duo session recorded live at Rutgers in 1975. Barron and Dunbar reveal a close rapport as they bring new textures and ideas to the classic "Summertime." An original calypso-flavored "Aruba" finds the duo working off each other's ideas, playing with warmth and humor. Barron gives "Here's That Rainy Day" an extended treatment, guiding it through a variety of piano styles suggesting everything from stride to Monk. Dunbar renders an impressive solo guitar "On The Trail," revealing some engrossing ideas and avoiding cliches and flash for its own sake often indulged in by less musical guitarists.

The Bluegrass Cardinals: Sunday Mornin' Singin' (CMH) is polished bluegrass gospel from one of the better groups on the contemporary bluegrass scene. The Cardinals deliver well-known, obscure, and original gospel tunes with sincerity and finesse. The emphasis is on the vocals here, with the picking taking a back seat. Particularly moving is David Parmley's delivery of "Carpenter of Wood," a beautiful tune we hadn't encountered before. "From Cradle To Cross To Crown" and "Touch of God's Hand" are among the other highlights.

Flatpicking Guitar (Kicking Mule) is an anthology featuring some of the top practioners of bluegrass and old-timey flatpicking. After Doc Watson came on the scene some fifteen or so years ago, more and more guitarist began adapting fiddle tunes to their instrument. This set features Dick Fegy, Eric Thompson, Dan Caray, Steve Kaufman and Barry Solomon. The pickers here each have their own style, although it might be said that as a group they are more melodically involved if less driving than those players who followed directly in Doc's footsteps. Our favorite track here is not a fiddle tune, but a standard, "All of Me," given a nifty arrangement by Barry Solomon and an able group of pickers.

Tracy Nelson: Come See About Me (Flying Fish) finds the singer digging into her rhythm and blues roots. Nelson has been partial to R 'n' B since her Mother Earth days. Her powerful, soulful singing always hits the mark and avoids the histroinic wailing indulged in by lesser artists. The band here is top-notch, and the material includes such soul classics as "Hold On, I'm Coming" and "See Saw." Among the highlights is keyboard man Andrew McMahon's duet with Tracy on Booker T. Jones' "Holiday."

Winners & Losers: Campaign Songs From The Critical Elections in American History (Folkways) is a two-volume set of election songs rendered by one Peter Janovsky. Janovsky has collected ditties from the time of Thomas Jefferson right up to Jimmy Carter. The older tunes tend to be more involved with the issues, and Janovsky has provided extensive notes outlining the underlying issues of each election. It's an entertaining way to brush up on your American History. Among our favorites are a 1932 tune from the Hoover campaign labeling FDR a "bolsheveki Mickey Mouse" and the stirring "No Crown of Thorns, No Cross of Gold" from the 1896 William Jennings Bryan campaign.

BOOKS

The Worst TV Shows Ever (Dutton) by Bart Andrews and Brad Dunning is a celebration of some of the more memorable garbage to grace the airwaves over the years. The authors provide vital information on who produced, directed, wrote and appeared in such all-time favorites as "My Mother, The Car," "The Sammy Davis Jr. Show," and "Me And The Chimp." Andrews and Dunning must have had a tough time deciding which shows were truly the worst and worthy of inclusion. Social historians and TV buffs alike are indebted to the authors for this much needed work of scholarship.

Hawaiian Music and Musicans: An Illustrated History (University Press of Hawaii) edited by George S. Kanahele is an encyclopedia treating all aspects of traditional and contemporary Hawaiian instrumental and vocal music. Kanahele's extensively researched volume is the most comprehensive work published to date on the subject, and it will be welcomed by scholars and fans alike. Hawaiian chant, slack key guitar, steel guitar and a wide variety of other subjects, and a are treated in depth. Musicologists will be pleased by the musical analysis and specific musical examples offered. An extensive discography, many photographs of well-known and obscure artists and bands, and entries by over 100 contributors are among the features of this ambitious work.

THE FLFM by Jane Krippene

The Frustrated League of Females for Motherhood

Under the banner of the Frustrated League of Females For Motherhood, thousands of young chicks have turned to egg-hatching as a means of fulfilling their maternal desires. It may sound incredible, but at least five girls attending the University of Zurich in Switzerland have succeeded in hatching fertile chicken eggs by keeping them safely tucked away between their breasts during the period of incubation.

"It's much more fun than having a baby," said Colette Dujold, "and doesn't take nearly as long, but I want to tell you that when I heard that baby chick pecking in its shell trying to get out, I nearly blew my cool — it gave me a feeling of being needed."

Still another young student, Liz Lambeth, wasn't quite so sure she liked the idea. "Hatching an egg has its problems," she confessed, "especially when you're out on a date. I forgot to tell my boyfriend that I was hatching, and wow! Did he ever squash that egg! I sure was a mess!"

Not everyone can be successful at this new game. The secret of egg-hatching depends entirely upon the size of a girl's breasts. as the egg must be cradled in the cleavage in order to acquire the necessary amount of warmth to hatch. However popular this new movement may be among today's shapely swingers, the idea is getting the thumbs-down sign from the males. "It's completely idiotic!" exclaimed Hans Guernrich, a student from the University of Heidleberg. "Everytime I want a little lovin, my girl shoves me away. She's always afraid I'm going to smash her damned egg! This has got to stop!"

But will it? Recent reports from Sydney, Australia state that a buxom young miss boasting a 44-inch bust will attempt to hatch an ostrich egg. Period of incubation? About three months. □

In a well run house there are a whole set of rules for both the john and hooker — even if they are never spelled out

MINDING YOUR P'S AND Q'S IN THE WHOREHOUSE

BY Eli Cass

Although both Emily Post and Amy Vanderbilt worked surrounding territory constantly and well, their treatises on gracious living and manners never entered the whorehouse. They discussed hostesses and guests at length, but their thoughts, at least their publicly expressed and written thoughts, somehow never touched this base.

As for modern madam-hooker authors from Polly Adler to Xavier Hollander, they too have remained almost silent about courtesy and manners in the bordello.

So here then, after consultation with several of the leading madams in Manhattan, after much study, reflection and thought, what may be the definitive brief guide to proper etiquette in a contemporary whorehouse is laid down.

The Name Of The Game

Informality may rule in the introduction of the john to the hooker (both, hereinafter, and properly so, referred to in more formal terms), but some protocol should still be observed. Even in the best operated and expensive salons most men lose something — their second names. Wallets and credit cards will be discussed in later installments. It's usually Eddie or Gaylord or Spike; or at best sometimes the introduction goes: "Eddie D., I'd like you to meet Joan." Perhaps it's "Gaylord P., I don't believe you know Stephanie?" In very rare exceptions, when the gentleman is really prominent, has no objection, and wants the VIP treatment does the madam introduce him by his second name as well. A well mannered girl does not over-react to even the most prominent "name." She does not, for example, say: "Mr. Feloni . . . gee . . . I saw you on TV yesterday when you came out of the courtroom after your embezzlement trial and slouched down in your limousine." She merely smiles but not over-

(continued on page 17)

ELLA

Here's a gal who is simply loaded with BUF talent. This spectacularly endowed young woman is a member of the exclusive BUF Hall of Fame. Ella is a professional entertainer, and her night club act combines music, comedy and strip-tease. "I'm not just another one of those gals who gets up and shakes her fanny," she says. "I like to give the folks a show they'll never forget, give them their money's worth. If I really wanted to, I could work as a comedienne and skip the stripping, but I believe in putting on a more well-rounded show."

No one in his right mind could deny that Ella

is well-rounded. Her magnificent mammoth mammaries have been killing audiences from Vegas to the Catskills. Ella's goal right now is to do her schtick on the Johnny Carson show. "I know I'd have to tone down the act a bit for television, but the exposure would be great. My manager is working on getting me an audition."

You can't beat the exposure Ella gets right here on our pages. You can bet that there's

plenty of excitement when Ella gets on stage and shows off her goodies. When we were in Vegas a few months back, we caught Ella's show every night for a week without ever

getting bored. This gal's spectacular massive melons will hold the attention of all red-blooded guys.

Ella is planning to include more topical humor in her act, so she's been paying a lot of attention to the newspapers. As for us, we can't help paying a lot of attention to her gigantic boobs. They may not have anything to do with topical humor, but they're sure the tops. □

WHOREHOUSE P'S AND Q'S

continued from page 8

friendly manner and thinks pleasant thoughts about her ample reward (read tipping) at the end of the session. It is a well known fact that a gentleman with a second name that is genuine tips much more munificently than the Eddies, even the Eddie D's and Gaylord P's of this world. For his part no gentleman will ever press the newly introduced lady for her second name; her honest feelings about the versatility of Isaac Asimov; or if she does tricks on the outside at discount rates? Especially verboten are such queries as, "How did you ever get into this business, doll?" or "How did I know about your expertise on a blow job?" Considered in good taste, however, are such questions as to what astrological sign milady was born under; and her current feelings about biodegradable detergents?

Who Goes First

Even if the gentleman knows every room in the house well from frequent visiting and observation, the lady always precedes him to the workshop. Despite such fact that she may have imbibed five tequilas and is not provided with an AAA Triptik, she is presumed to know the route better. It is always embarrassing to have an eager squire who thinks he is sure of the floor plan open a door, only to find the room already occupied. It is even more embarrassing to have a previously well mannered, soft spoken lady surprised in the middle of a well staged menage a trois, shriek, "What the fuck is going on here?..." The swain and the other female occupant of the room are usually so startled in turn, that they hurl themselves upwards and now resemble an ancient Indian temple statue with a phallic frieze alongside. Therefore, the lady always precedes her escort to the pleasure room. Once there, he always makes himself comfortable and starts looking at his toenails, always at her invitation again, especially if his hands are cold. A gentleman is permitted to compliment the accompanying lady on the style and quality of her lingerie and undergarments as she removes them. He will not at any time offer remarks about moles, surgical scars, uneven breasts or "big ass."

Who Comes First?

Leo Durocher may have been right about nice guys finishing last, but in a whorehouse the prevailing wisdom is that a nice guy can finish first if he displays good manners about other things. In professional ranks, the gentleman need not concern himself with such priority, since in all probability his companion has been paying little attention and has other things on her mind such as thoughts about reasonably risk-free investments for her undeclared income.

Despite the fact that they have engaged in professional transaction, all paid practitioners like to hear words, "Thank you," at the conclusion. Considering the fact that the lady has already been presumably well paid for her efforts, it is not necessary to elaborate on separate details effusive for which she is being thanked. A gentleman is neither effusive nor sarcastic when expressing his gratitude, a simple statement will do. In the unlikely event that the lady will come first, a gentleman will accept that fact with some satisfaction, but will neither trumpet it loudly during or after the phenomenon, nor will he unduly brag about it in front of the lady, nor later when he takes leave of the madam. Nor will he ever ask for a notarized statement that he was responsible for her arrival first.

Clothes Make The Man?

There is some disagreement as to proper dress for the whorehouse patron. One rule has it that the proper attire is such as worn to any other sporting event. A suggestion of caution rather than etiquette is that one dress as inconspiculously as possible, in case of photographic coverage by a TV cameraman working on a new feature series about relaxation. It is also well to remember that the more the gentleman puts on, the more he has to take off—and then don again. The paradigm can prove boring. There is general agreement on some matters of dress. Cowboy suits should only be worn in Texas cribs or Nevada houses. Spurs should not be worn at all unless the gentleman is part of a kinky floor show that is planned, or is specifically requested to do so by the lady whom he knows previously and well. In Bi-houses, earrings are a nuisance on male customers and are so easily lost. Though there usually is a shortage of closet space and hangers for male apparel in most bagnio bedrooms, the gentleman's divested garments should not be strewn about or just dropped casually on the floor. His memory should, if possible, revert to his primary school gym or camp days and he should fold his clothes carefully and arrange it all in a neat pile on a chair if one is available. No grandee wear shorts or jock with embroidered and corny raunchy sayings thereon. For one thing, it usually brings on a case of uncontrollable yawning in milady; and for another, many Venuses though cultured like crazy in other areas have not yet acquired the ability to read.

Eating Manners

Chewing quietly and with one's mouth closed has been proper etiquette down through the years. It does not seem to have much application in a bawdy house. However, some rules still tend to apply. A gentleman will not use a toothpick in plain sight of his companion and immediately after enjoyment of a meal in the boudoir. Discarding unwanted particles and debris that has collected and may cling to the teeth should be done

(continued on page 57)

When man bites dog that's news — but not quite as unique or sensational as when a

HEAR IT FROM A NON

by Virginia Smiley

You're laying awake wanting sex while your partner soundly sleeps; you're sitting with your spouse watching TV and begin putting the moves on him only to get shut down; you find yourself remembering the early days of your relationship when the two of you were never out of bed and he "couldn't get enough of you"; you find yourself thinking about sex more and getting it less; you wonder if you're becoming a sex maniac and are beginning to think your partner's turned celibate without letting you know.

Whatever the specifics of your current life story, if your body is telling you to have an affair, but your mind is telling you no, it's time to STOP and analyze this problem for yourself.

With today's ever relaxing morality, the thought of having an affair crosses everyone's mind. If you're going through a "dry spell," that's all the more reason for your thoughts to stray to sex with others. Maybe you feel you're being driven to seek satisfaction elsewhere. For some, having an affair may solve their problems, but for many of us, there are good reasons NOT to engage in "extra curricular activity."

You may be, like me, a believer in fidelity. Maybe you enjoy the sense of continuity in having sex with one person; perhaps you need the true sense of intimacy that develops when sleeping with someone over an extended period of time. You and your partner may have put a lot of time and energy into making the relationship work and although you're unhappy, you're slow to put that investment in jeopardy. Perhaps, like me, you've seen other couples mishandle affairs. Maybe you don't approve of extra-marital sex for religious reasons. You may not have the time or energy to spend cultivating a new sexual liaison. Maybe there just isn't anyone around that excites you. Again, whatever the specifics, you've got the one you want under your roof; now, all you have to do is get them to want sex with you again.

Perhaps hardest of all to realize is that you can't change someone else. At best, all you can do is understand the situation and do what

woman in heat with a burned-out mate comes out against the modern day option of an extra-marital affair

CHEATIN' WOMAN

you can to fix things.

In spite of your present discomfort, are you sure that this is not just a temporary situation? Is your mate under excess business pressures, studying for big exams, ill, or simply in an asexual mood? Try to assess the situation. Of course, first and most importantly for you, you're not getting any — or not getting enough. It's always easier to look at someone else as the cause of the problem. So ok, let's look at your partner, but let's do so from a slightly different perspective than the one you've had on

him recently. *Aside* from him not being hot anymore, what else do you know about him?

First, let's check out any physical causes. Has your spouse been working too hard? Might he have developed an undiagnosed illness? If you suspect his health is a possible cause for the decrease in his and your sexual activity, suggest a complete physical, both as a way of keeping your relationship strong and out of your genuine concern for his well being.

Second, is there an important event coming up that is causing concern, and anxiety, or, has there been a change in the usual living patterns you've developed? Have you just made it through a heavy time? If so, try to understand his side of the issue. For me, sex is a great tension reliever; but for others, when they're tense and distracted, sex is the *last* thing to enter their mind. Rather than discrediting his feelings, try to sympathize. You know it's not fun being upset or uptight. Even if you don't understand why he can't relax, be patient. Your pushing him won't help him return to his sexy self — it will only push him further away. If your mate is usually a considerate, big-hearted person, perhaps he thinks that, given how he's feeling, sex wouldn't be very good. If he's refusing your advances, maybe it's because he believes no sex is sometimes better than bad sex.

If you aren't really sure what's going on with your partner, try talking about his lack of interest in sex. If you've already tried talking and communications on this issue have broken down, how about a nice letter or card to say you miss him and couldn't you both try talking with pen and paper. You may be surprised to receive a long, detailed letter from your pen-pal.

Once you've determined your partner's side of the story, it's time to take another look at yourself. Maybe in a conversation or letter, you've been given some clues as to how you can make yourself more attractive to him. If you decide to follow his advice, do so without expecting *immediate* results. Goal oriented (read fuck oriented) change at this point is sure to fail. Consider his recommendations to you as character building exercises and not merely ways to increase activity in the hay.

This leads to my second suggestion on improving things when an affair isn't feasible. Take a moment to examine *your* attitude on this whole issue. A friend of mine once told me, "It doesn't matter what you say or do, it only matters what that something means to you." How have *you* been acting lately? Like a little kid who has had a toy taken away from her? A martyr does not a lover make. Everyone likes to be told and shown they're needed, but when a mate is made to feel sex is owed, the excitement fizzles like a match under a water faucet. Can you laugh at your sexless situation? Unless you can smile and answer yes, you may have a long way to go before your sex fantasies are fulfilled.

We know your partner isn't doing much to keep the love alive these days, but what about you? By this, I don't only mean are you sexy in bed. Are you attentive and interested in what your lover is doing and saying to you? Have you complimented him lately, or let him know how much he means to you? If you two are really partners, make him know it. You'd congratulate a co-worker on a job well done. You must do so with the person you share your life with as well.

In addition to working on your attitude and working on complimenting your partner, the third thing you can do is avoid expectations. So what if a year ago you made love three times a day and now it's three times a month or a year? Rather than trying to build on the past, expect the unexpected. By that I mean, be prepared for anything — lots of sex or no sex. If you have no expectations, you can't be disappointed. In learning to avoid expectation, you may also find that some of your own desire is not born of the moment as the impetus for all good sex is, but is based on past memories and wanting things "the way they were." If this is the case, try talking about the past with your mate and see what kind of reactions you get. Interpret these reactions objectively; see both what they tell about the difference between you then and now and how his feelings have developed.

Learn to be as generous in withholding yourself as you once were by giving of yourself. Everyone remembers getting gifts from someone they love that are wrong because they were ill-timed. Your sexual advances may be those kinds of gifts. If your partner is in the "ozone", wait patiently for is re-entry.

Because your partner is the sexless one, it's up to you to learn to show your sexual feelings in sensual or understanding ways. Don't try and change his personality or behavior. Remember, this is the person you chose — the whole person, not just the genitals. Would a massage be nicer than a lay? Could you run him a hot bath or bring him a snack? Are there ways you could show him he's loved and desirable even when he isn't feeling that way? If there are, focus on these activities. If you are able to successfully transfer your feelings, I guarantee it will deepen the relationship in ways that may not be immediate, but will solidify the long lasting implications of your time together. Now may be the time to learn the many ways besides sex to show someone you care for them.

Although the need for sexual sharing is given to everyone, there are times when sharing isn't possible. If you're working hard to

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SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

By Orson A. Round

Some prostitutes are scoundrels, theives, dope-addicts and generally unwholesome characters. But as long as anybody can remember, in song and legend, there has persisted the story of the whore with the heart of gold. Scoffers sneered.

But in the famous old west town of Deadwood, South Dakota, many solid citizens rose in protest when the law, in all its majesty, shut down three "houses of ill repute" and rounded up the 27 girls and three poodles who inhabited them.

Comments from Deadwood residents: "Those girls have given money to the chruches and the Jaycees and all the social clubs."

"They bought a bicycle for a little boy who couldn't afford one."

"When my kid had to sell tickets for the Little Britches Rodeo he went right down to the whore house and he made about $50 extra."

"They helped needy families at Christmas."

"Those girls never bothered nobody. They been here a hundred years. The cops should have left the whores and took all the politicians."

Why these noble ladies were suddenly considered a menace is not known exactly but you may be sure there were bureaucrats involved. It is their job to see that fun is forbidden. Among the big guns involved in shooting down the whore houses were the Attorney General, the Division of Criminal Investigation and the United States Marshal's Service. Do you suppose some little old biddy in tennis shoes wrote a nasty letter that started it all?

Well, we do hope the ASPCA has arranged parole for the three poodles.

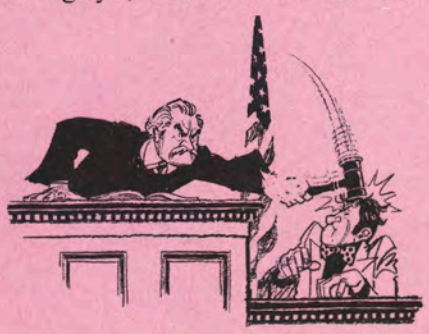
By the way, whores with hearts of gold or not. Deadwood will not go unremembered in U.S. history. In its cemetary is buried Wild Bill Hickock side by side with Calamity Jane. Oh, my, better dig one of them up or people will talk!

Plenty of Sights
In Ol' Manhattan

Jim Lowe, the nostalgia king of WNEW, tells of a fella who was alone in an automatic elevator in a New York apartment building when a naked woman got on. Being adept at small talk he said to her, "My wife's got an outfit exactly like that."

Nude is Lewd
If it all Hangs Out

In lovely, sunny Florida it is not unlawful for beautiful girls to dance in their birthday suits. But for guys, that's a no-no. This state of affairs came to light when the state's Division of Alcoholic Beverages and Tobacco threatened to revoke the liquor license of the Crazy Horse Saloon in North Miami Beach.



The place had been featuring an all-male revue in which the chaps didn't even wear a small jock strap. Crazy Horse countered the liquor board's action with a suit claiming it's unfair for women to enjoy an unbridled license to undress while men who do the same thing face arrest.

A state spokesman agreed that the distinction is a fine one and hinges on anatomy. "When a female is dancing nude she's not exposing her sexual organs. When a male is dancing nude, he is."

What do you say of this Gloria and Bella? If the Equal Rights Amendmant passes, will the chaps be permitted to expose themselves . lock, stock and barrel? Or, to put it delicately, pecker, balls and arsehole?

Your Nose Knows
If She's a Rose

Joe Namath appears on TV all the time advertising something that will make you smell better and, by implication, make beautiful women swoon over you as they swoon over Broadway Joe.

Perfume for men is a fairly new dodge except in the case of after-shave lotion and hair tonic. But as long as anybody can remember the gals have been daubing themselves with exotic scents to

(continued on page 30)

Kate

Let's make this newcomer to our pages feel right at home with a big BUF welcome. Kate is dark and sultry and her curvaceous BUF figure is sure to make her a popular gal. Originally hailing from Shellfish by the sea in England, she now makes her home in The Big Apple because, as she puts it, "That's where it's happening." Buxom Kate is a television research consultant. That is, she figures out what folks want to see and then reports back to the networks.

"I've got five TV sets hooked up in my study so I can monitor all the major networks plus some cable stations. During the day, I check out the soap operas. I've managed to watch three simultaneously and still keep the plots straight, and that ain't easy. I also do a lot of polling by phone, calling folks up and getting their

opinions on the current state of television. After several years on the job, I've concluded that American men would like more and less — more girls with less clothes."

What we see of Kate is what we like — a big full sexy body with big bazooms. Who needs to watch the boob tube when we can look at her boobs!

When Kate isn't glued to her arsenal of TV sets, she can often be found attending pop concerts. Her favorite current artist is Olivia Neutron-Bomb. Which makes sense because this sexpot is explosive herself. □

by Paul Steiner

Your favorite magazine is continuing its regular roundup of some of the raciest, wildest, sexiest bits of action and dialogue from current films, plays, on and off-Broadway, nightclubs and the arts, with special stress on quick snatches from the flicks. Hold on, here we go:

"Twinkle, Twinkle, 'Killer' Kane," written, produced and directed by William Peter Blatty, despite some bright moments, never quite achieves the bizarre quality it aimed at. It features a group of more-or-less wacko military officers home from combat, who freely urinate while standing in ranks at attention. One lieutenant says to his company commander, a major: "Why don't you stick a pineapple up your ass and pretend you're a Hawaiian?"

Among this motley crew is an astronaut who, at the last moment, refused to go to the moon. When a psychiatrist asks him why, he replies: "Because the Man in the Moon tried to fuck my sister."

At Mike Cassone's weekly showcase at the "Scale-A-Meal" restaurant, a would-be comic remarked: "I married a nun — none in the morning, none during the day, none at night."

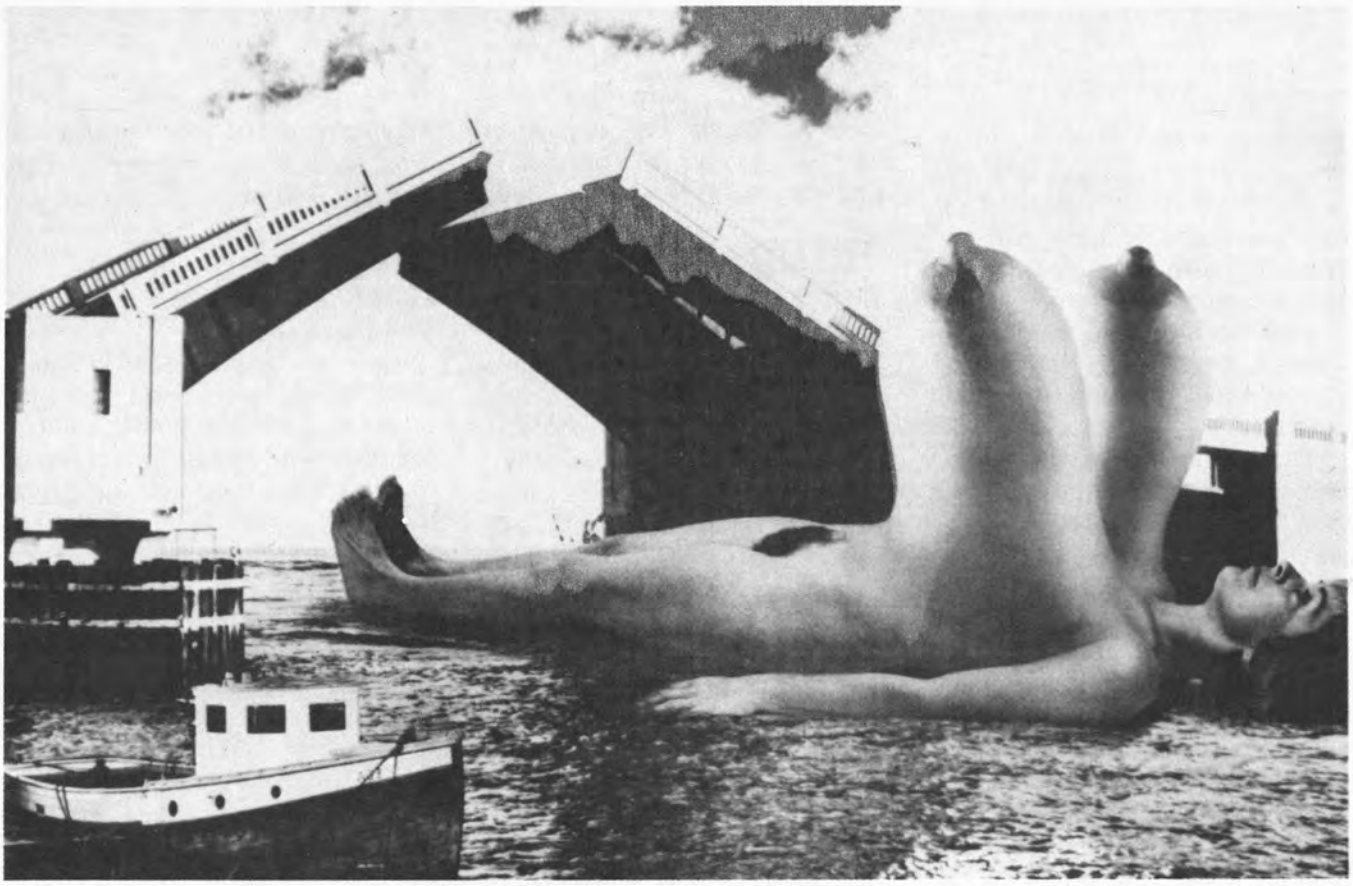
Henny Youngman tells about the husband who complained to his wife: "You never tell me when you have an orgasm." To which she replied: "You're never around when I do."

Sexy Sylvia Kristel, whom you doubtless remember from the French titillating scorcher, "Emmanuelle," will soon be seen with Telly Savalas in "Sink the Bank," a caper about a trio who try to rob a floating bank. There's an exciting scene towards the end when Sylvia rides a water bicycle naked in the moonlight in order to distract the attention of guards on the ship and make the men in the audience not care that they've seen the same plot at least 500 times.

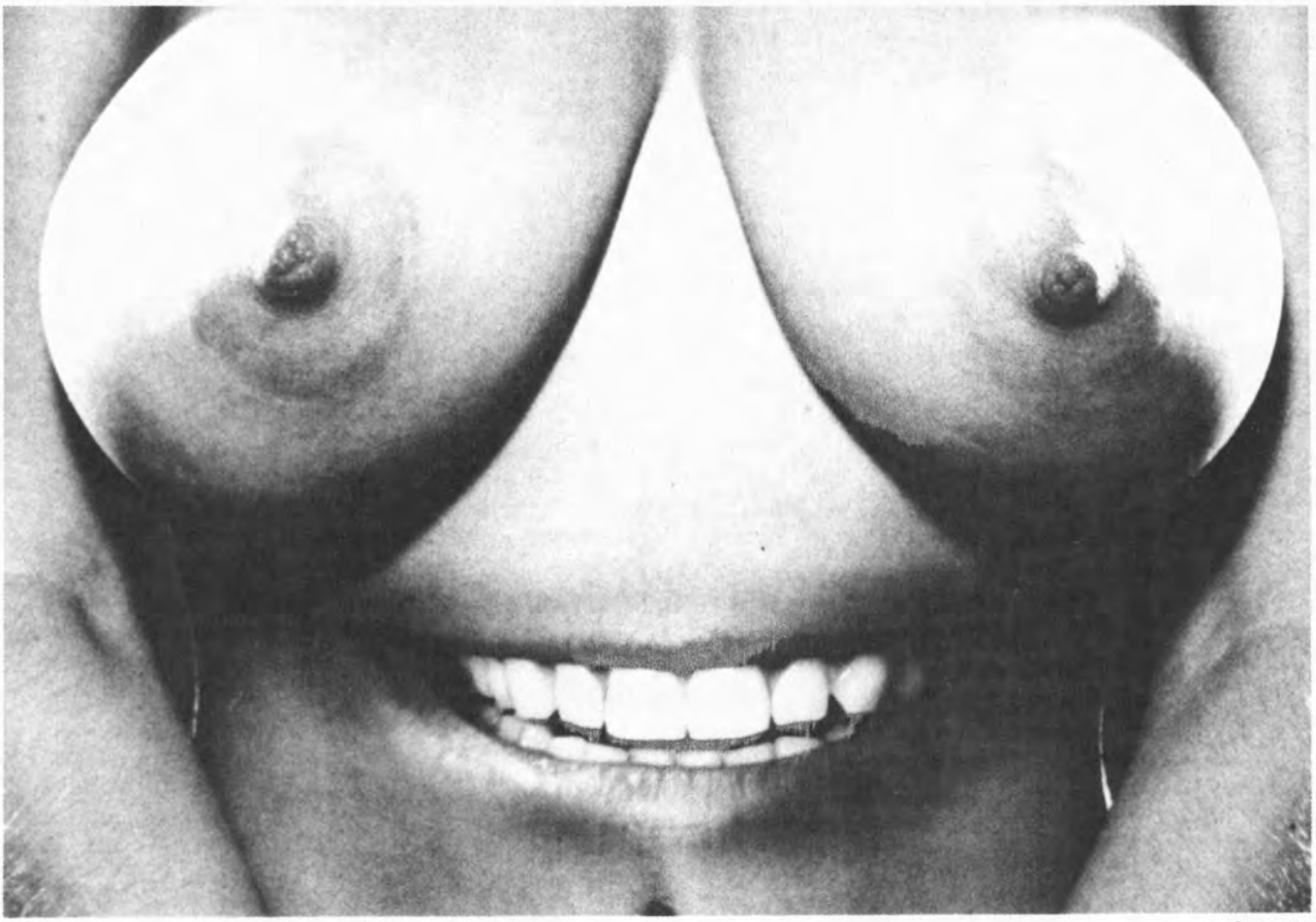
"Jogging pays off," a business exec reveals at his club. "I caught my secretary today!" But Joey Adams reminds us of the patient who when told that he burned up about the same amount of energy making love as jogging two miles, protested: "And you want me to waste it jogging?" "At least after two miles running you don't want a cigarette," grinned the doc.

"Everyone who bent over in this mansion didn't have a ghost of a chance!" screams the promotion for the X-rated "Descendance of Grace." Laid in an old Victorian house, the flick tells — in a series of bizarre flashbacks — the life of a young couple who live out their fantasy nightmares. Right off, they dream of the former owner appearing in a flowing red cape and brandishing a giant bullwhip. The young wife is quickly forced into a depraved sex orgy with the "ghost." Her husband tries to win her back with loving sex, but eventually he has to face a secret revelation of her previous life, and he doesn't have a ghost of a chance.

"Return of the Secaucus 7" is about a weekend reunion of lovers, friends and cellmates — all of whom used to be high school pals and revolutionaries and are now nearing that dangerous age — 30. Of course, some of them have acquired new bedmates, but what are old lovers for, especially if they're available. Since there are not enough beds and couches, the hostess states: "All sex acts must be done on the floor so you don't louse up my bed." "7's" only touch of originality enables us to view a new sport — tongue wrestling!



Two terrific eye-catchers put out by The American Postcard Company, Inc. of New York. Above is "View Of The Harbor" and below, "Happy Face." Photography on both by Alfred Gescheidt. The company offers collectors first edition sets.



NON-CHEATIN' WOMAN

continued from page 20

be understanding but are still horny, masturbate. You did it before and probably during your relationship anyway. It does satisfy you temporarily. Perhaps your partner needs you to take care of yourself in this way for a time. Maybe the nicest thing you can do is tell them, "I'd rather do it myself". If your lover is busy doing homework or is worried about your child's recent illness, you don't expect him to re-wire the kitchen. When he's preoccupied, you do things for yourself. Why should sex be any different?

Variations on this masturbation theme might also prove useful as well as satisfying. If your partner is unresponsive to intercourse, he may find you masturbating with him in the same room to be a mutually satisfying substitute. To share climaxing with your mate is still loving and can be more satisfying than coming solo. Try not to have rigid motions. Perhaps he can help you get off by holding you or talking to you. Let him catch you playing with yourself and welcome him to join the fun! Jerking off together is a great, quick tension reliever and if you've lost your lover to a busy schedule, they may appreciate this speedy manuever.

If your partner is short on sleep, you can play with yourself until you're just about ready to come, then gently wake him and bring him into your sexual excitement by telling him you were thinking of him or asking him to hold you while you come.

I think once you've analyzed the situation objectively, and tried one or more of my suggestions, you'll come to understand that sexual satisfaction needn't only come from coming. With a slight change in your attitude and approach, you may find yourself a closer to your mate then if you were screwing regularly. You may even forget about having an affair as you work on ways to keep your partnership a happy one. Good Luck! □

SMORGASBORD SEXUALIS

continued from page 21

lure the guys into a tender trap.

Seems obvious, doesn't it, that people who smell good or virile or sexy will make out better than people who stink? What's obvious to you and me is never obvious to science. One Dr. Robert I. Henkin of Georgetown University's Medical Center recently conducted a survey on the "Sense of Smell" questioning 822 persons in major cities.

The doctor discovered that young people (17-20) considered smell in relationship with the opposite sex the most important. Yeh? My Cocker Spaniel knows that without taking a survey. And he takes his name, Cocker, quite seriously.

An Oldie But
A Goodie

Hotel guest calls room service and says, Send me up some Taylor wine."

Room service says. "Well, make up your mind!"

What You See
May Be What You Get

Richard Hanswer, author, raconteur, bon vivante and judge of fine ginger ales, sent us another of his many contributions culled from world-wide erotic sources. This time it was a newspaper clipping headed, "Boys get antsy over girls in tight pants."

The story reported a UCLA survey published in "Psychology Today" found that when boys see girls wearing tight jeans, transparant blouses with no bra and skimpy shorts they think that's a sexual come-on.

Hanser observes, "This is a laugh! it takes some learned Professors and a scientific survey to discover that when girls wear tight pants and see-through blouses, they arouse sexual thoughts in boys!"

Let's Get Our Things Together . . .
You Place or Mine?

Many of the gaudier publications run classified ads seeking to bring hot pants males and females together but it's a little surprising to see such a section in the highbrow *New York Review Of Books*. Samples:

35-Year-Old bright Jersey Scarlett seeks single 40-ish dynamic Rhett who will give a damn.

Boston fine wreck of a man seeks literate non-smoking F for tea and empathy.

Handsome NYC writer, 53, seeks very attractive bright non-smoking woman. Dutch treat, naturally.

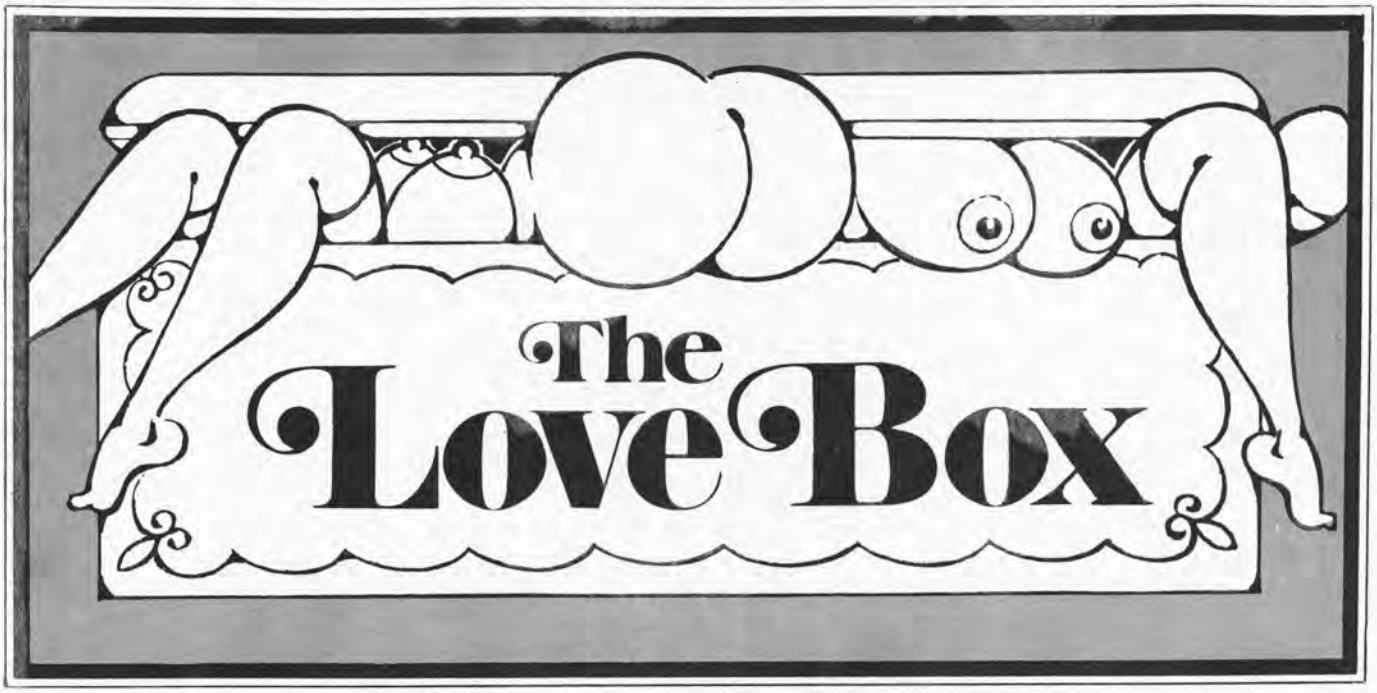
Dutch treat, eh? Isn't that just like a writer?

Queen of Flesh Films
Uses an Alias

What's a nice girl from the Bronx doing in a movie like this?

That question could be asked of Gloria Leonard who has performed in or directed more than 30 hard-core films and intends to make it her career. "I don't call what I do porn," says she. "It's adult entertainment. Sex is something everybody does or else we wouldn't be here."

Until about four years ago she regarded herself as a normal, straight, middle-class person and she looked askance at X-rated stuff. Then she discovered there's big bread in "adult entertainment" and she's one of the highest paid of the frolicking femmes. She insists she doesn't do anything lewd or lascivious. Still "Gloria" won't tell what her real name was when she was straight.



Belting It Out

For the first time in the three years that I've been shacking up with my boyfriend, we were going to be separated for three weeks. I was going back to Washington, D.C. to visit my folks and old friends. Before leaving for Penn Station and the train, we spent a couple of wild hours in bed. As time was growing close for me to dress and leave, he brought out a gift wrapped package. Since he rarely ever bought me anything I hastily opened the box to find an old-fashioned chasity belt. We both had a great big laugh and at his encouragement I put it on. I realized it was no joke when he wouldn't give me the key to open it. This ended in a big fight about trusting each other and it was either miss the train or go with it on which I did. What I didn't do is return to him after the trip. Was I right?

Theresa Tendrea
New York, N.Y.

Who cares whether you were right. Just tell us how and who helped you remove the belt. That should make quite a story.

Room For Argument

I go to college in a real one-horse town that doesn't even have one theatre that shows X-rated movies. To pick up a few extra bucks I decided to show my print of "Deep Throat" to friends at five bucks a throw including free beer. No sooner than I turned on the film, the local constable bust into my dorm room and confiscated the film. I told him that according to the law, I was free to show any film I liked in the confines of my room but he claimed that the fact my friends had put up five bucks each constituted a theatrical showing no matter where it took place. The story hit the local weekly gazette with the result that I was put on probation. Do I have any legal rights? What do you suggest?

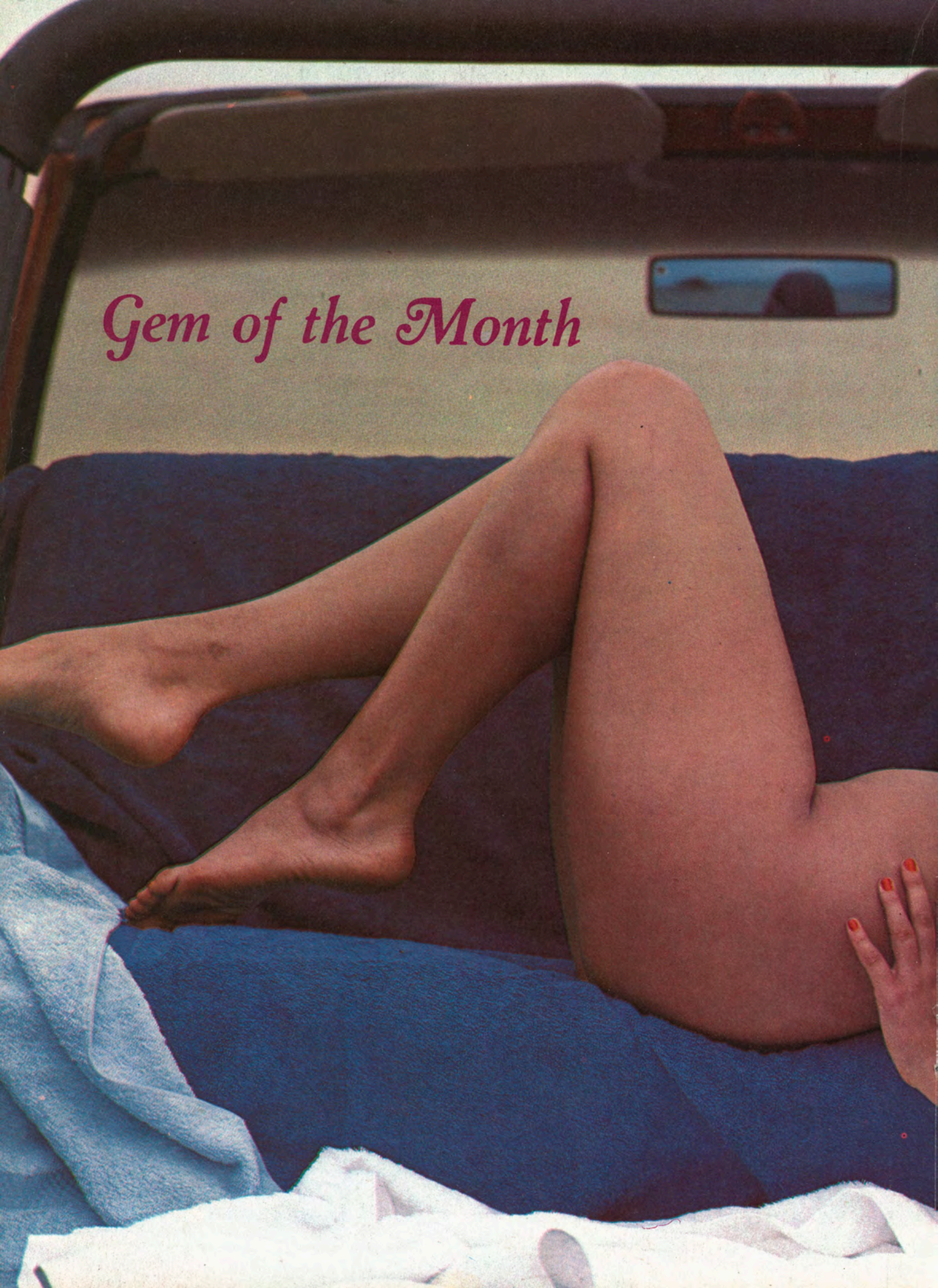
(Name and address witheld on request)

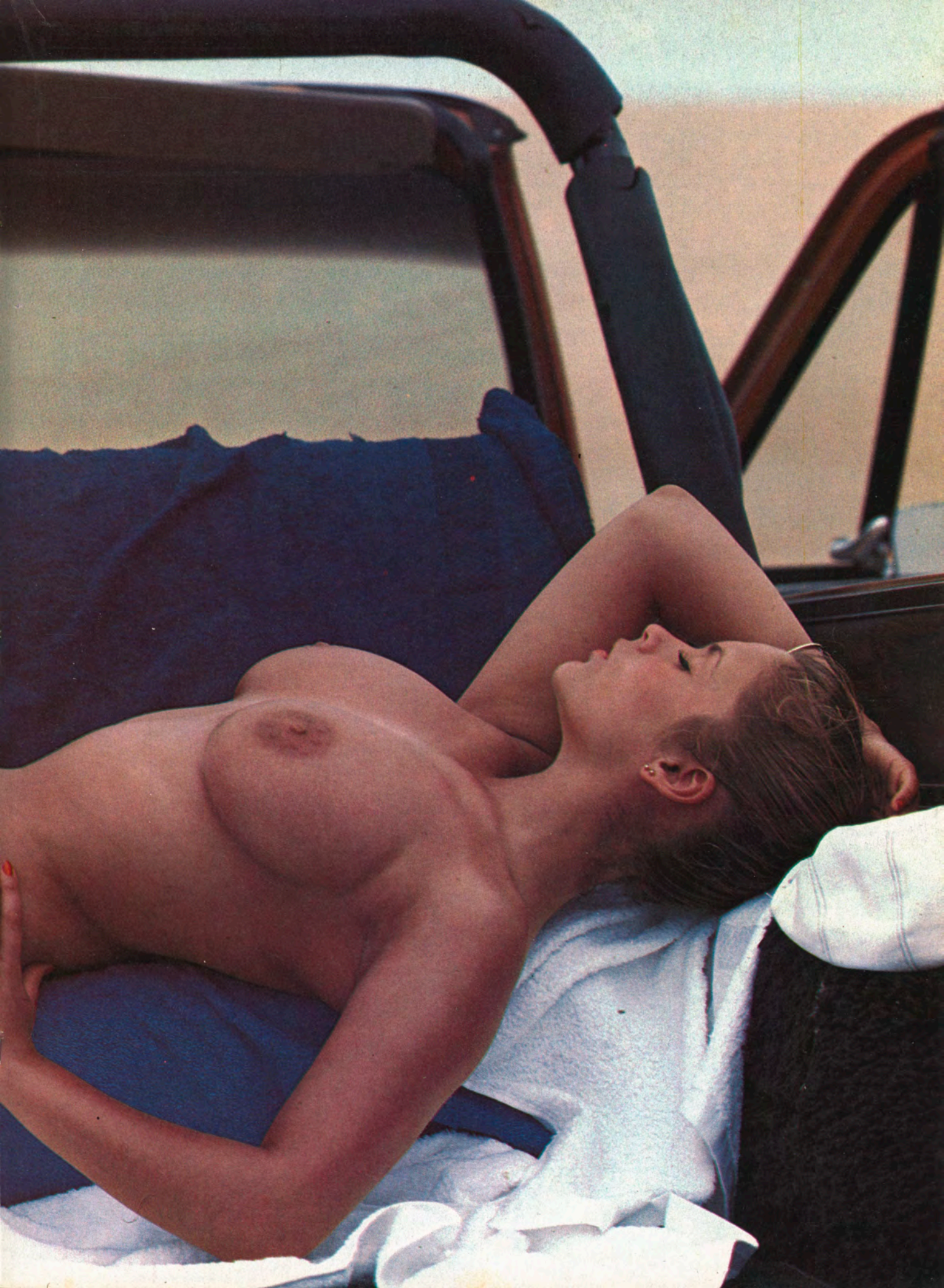
We don't know about your legal rights, but what we would suggest is that you get the hell out of that town as fast as possible.

JOANNE

We honestly feel that Joanne is one of the most beautiful women ever to grace our pages. If Bo Derek is a "10" then this dazzler has got to be a "12". So enamored of her beauty are we that we've spent the past few days writing sonnets expressing our admiration for her

divine countenance and fabulous bod. Only at the insistence of our editor did we set our poetry aside in order to tend to the pedestrian task of writing this copy. (Our editor refused to run our verse, contending that they were verse then the regular stuff we do.) We did send our


Gem of the Month



sonnets off to Joanne, and she liked them so much she promised to store them in the circular file that she keeps in her kitchen. Later we found out she was referring to her garbage can.

Once you've seen these photos you'll understand why Joanne has inspired such

unbridled passion within our chest. And while we're on the subject of chests, you'll notice that Joanne possesses a lovely treasure chest herself, a BUF treat deluxe.

Sunbathing and fast cars are among Joanne's passions. She spends as much time as possible soaking up the sun on the beach, and a ride in a souped-up hot rod really turns her on. Just the sight of this stunner turns us on and we don't need a car for her to race our motors. We don't care what the editor says, we're finishing up this copy with a pithy rhyme dedicated to Joanne. Here goes: I think that I shall never see/a girl as beautiful as she. □

She had read all his sexual fantasies and now his reputation depended on whether he was as good as the lead in his pencil

YOU BETTER BE GOOD!

by Paul Budd

"It's for you."

My wife has finally gotten used to young female voices seeking me out on the telephone. Thank God. Because this time it wasn't a student.

"Mr. Patkin?"

How to describe a voice? Young? Delectable? Obviously a brunette of about five foot four with very good breasts and a slim firm ass that looks good in tight jeans.

"This is you neighbor across the alley," the voice said. "You don't know me, but I know you."

I tried to picture every woman in the neighborhood. There's a fine sexy-looking forty-year old knockout about three blocks up toward the expressway. And several decent younger ones — with dangerous looking husbands. And that's about it. Let me warn you, Morgan Square is no place when it comes to girl watching.

"I see you going to the bus with your briefcase," the voice said. "Mr. Patkin, shame on you. You're a teacher."

"Shame on me for being a teacher?"

"I've seen the kind of things you write. That one about the man who lost his wife in the poker game."

I tried hard to swallow.

"And the man who made ugly women beautiful with a magic potion."

I felt the room tilt.

"And the couple who fucked until their plants died. You're a dirty old man, Mr. Patkin."

"Now wait a moment," I said. "That last one hasn't even been printed yet."

"You mean those others were?"

"Oh, WOW!! Gesundheit."

Fortunately my wife had gone back into the living room and turned on another John Wayne movie. This may or may not be relevant, but she often shows as much interest in John Wayne as she does in me.

But the truth of this matter was coming clear in my head. Last week I'd cleared off my desk, thrown away all those old manuscripts and rejected drafts. Crazy Mrs. Kozinski! Picking through the garbage cans again! Damn this city with its antipollution laws! I should have burned everything and taken my chances.

"I want you, Mr. Patkin," the voice on the telephone said. "And you better be as good as your stories. Our mayor, she would like to know that someone on North Troy is writing pornography."

My heart stood still. This was not Mrs. Kozinski.

"Mr. Patkin? Are you still there? I want you at my place in half an hour."

The line went dead. How was I supposed to be at her place when I didn't even know who she was? That voice — one of the young ones? My heart began to beat again. How about that little one with the short dark hair? Yes, and how about her husband with the strong muscular forearms?

At eight thirty I got Bailey on his leash and started down the alley with a pooper scooper in my free hand. This is the damndest city for laws. As if a little bit of dog shit is going to make any difference when they don't even collect the garbage.

I have to tell you about Bailey now, even though I'd rather not. He's part Beagle, part Doberman Pincher — don't ask me how or why they did it. He has one ear that flops over his eye, another that sticks straight up, and a tail that's generally good for dusting off coffee tables. To walk him is a pleasure and a joy if you don't mind being dragged straight to Mrs. Kozinski's back fence where he sniffs and licks this certain spot on the ground for as long as you let him. But what other way is there for a guy like me to get out of the house?

Okay. I'd do the length of the alley and back. Maybe I'd see something. I was as eager as old Bailey to get to that spot. Not his, mine.

I let him pull me down the alley. Nothing. I dragged him back, his stupid toenails clawing at the concrete. Well, too damn bad. He got to lick that spot every night, for all the good it did him.

Just as I reached the opposite corner I heard "Mr. Patkin, Mr. Patkin" coming soft and silvery from somewhere up high in that big, dirty apartment building with the gang names painted all over it.

I dragged Bailey up the back porch stairway, four flights, and he fought me for the garbage cans on every landing. It was worth it. When I reached her door I saw that she *was* that same short haired girl I had so admired on the street.

"Your husband," I gasped as she pulled me into the kitchen.

"I have no husband. You must be thinking of my brother."

I saw my stories, the whole rejected pile, neatly stacked on her kitchen table. "Mrs. Kozinski gave them to me," she explained. "The poor woman can't read English."

They were all there, even the experimental ones I had been doing for the literary magazines, the ones with paragraphs numbered 1. 2. 3. and 4.

"You have a filthy mind, Mr. Patkin," she said, unbuttoning her blouse. "I especially liked that one about the man who fell in love with the lioness."

"They said I stole it from Balzac," I croaked. She was undressing right before my eyes, stepping out of her jeans and showing me the most perfect set of legs in Morgan Square.

I don't know if this is relevant, but Bailey had found the garbage and was chewing up an eggshell.

"I lay awake all last night imagining I was that lioness," she said. "I imagined myself with my claws fastened deeply into your back, Mr. Patkin." Her eyes gleamed in a way that was not entirely reassuring. You better be as good as your stories!"

She wasn't talking about their literary qualities.

She approached and unbuckled my belt. I forgot about Baily who was crunching a pork chop bone. I forgot about the husband or brother whoever he was. I even forgot about my stories.

But she hadn't. Suddenly I heard her making a curious little growling sound. "Grrrrrrrr, purrrrrrr, snrrrrrr, rrrrrrrr." She was opening my shirt; her teeth were snapping at my chest, at my stomach, at . . .

I have no clear recollection of leaving the kitchen and entering the bedroom. Suddenly we were there, just like a fast cut in a movie. Naked. On the bed. And she was pushing her nipple into my mouth. "Suck it, Mr. Patkin. Just like you do in your stories . . ."

Somebody should have told her. That guy in my stories, that's not me; that's somebody I made up. But I couldn't say a word. My mouth was full.

This may not be relevant, but I could hear Bailey in the kitchen cracking bones. Some of them snapped in his teeth like pistol shots.

The toughest thing to describe is the foreplay, not because of what you do, which is simple, and often best because it is simple, but because of what you feel while you are doing it. How it suddenly gets sweet and warm and right, how secret organs hidden deep inside come swiftly alive, how the blood gets that special rushing tempo that cannot be induced any other way, how the world begins to look different, how she, your

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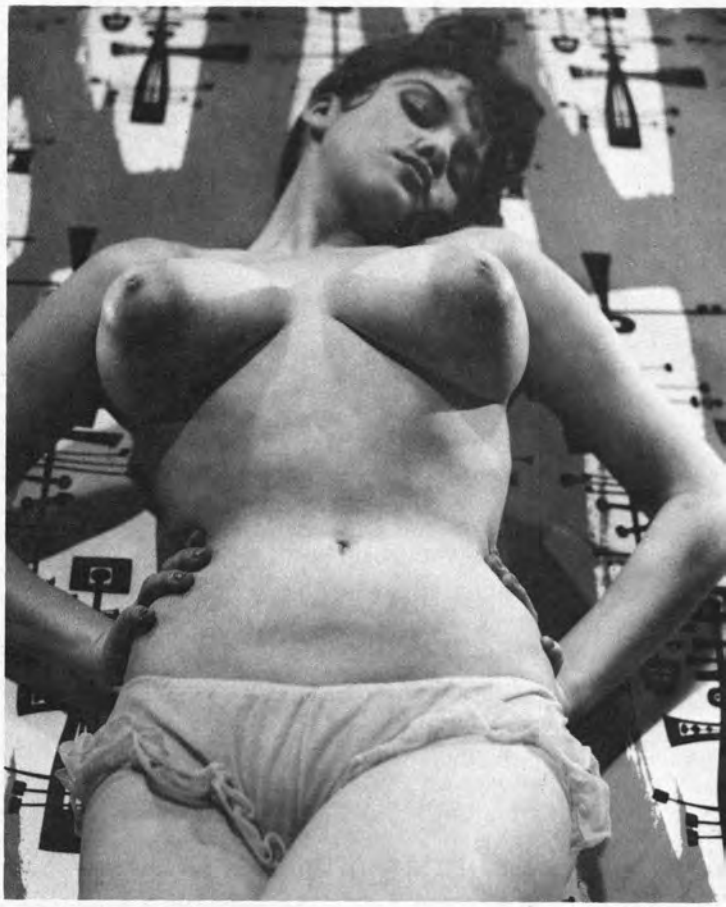


THANKS FOR THE MAMMARIES DEPT.

ROSINA

Here's a Big Up Front champion who brightened the pages of our mag back in the late sixties. Curvaceous, colossal-chested Rosina is a girl who's hard to forget. At the time she posed for us, Rosina was a professional astro-

loger. We remember telling her we were born under the sign of Asparagus, and she drew up our chart, which revealed that we were attracted to women with huge breasts. With a twinkle in our eyes, we reached for hers but Rosina eclipsed our move with a lightning-quick Karate chop and we saw stars. This never happened, of course, but what's undeniably true is that this super bountiful chick still remains one of the stellar attractions in the BUF galaxy. □

ACE

SERVICE CALL

by Sebastian Gray

Fixing TV sets may not sound like the most media-conscious of jobs but even with the boob tube on the blink, horny females have no trouble getting their "messages" over loud and clear

Any job gets boring, but sometimes you've got the kind of job that combines good money with good times. Sometimes.

I lucked into such a job when Old Man Jones wanted me to learn the TV-repair business under him. He had no family, and he thought he'd like to do something for me since he'd known my dad before he passed on.

It was hard learning the stuff at first, and then I sort of got the knack of it, got good enough to tear down those big color jobs, got good enough to go out on calls.

That's where the fun came in.

You wouldn't believe some of the females out there. I mean, have you ever had a real classy woman wearing gold fingernail polish — like a certain doctor's wife I know — fish it out of your pants for you and give you a quickie job on her knees like she was some two-bit hooker? Take it from me, it's a kick. Or take all those hungry widows living alone. Four out of five are so damned hot to trot that you'd have to be a young bull to take care of 'em all.

I used to come limping back from house calls so weak that Old Man Jones would give me one of those twinkly, obscene smiles of his and tell me to take the rest of the afternoon off. He knew. He had been on repair calls, he told me, way back in the 1950's!

Then what I never thought would happen, happened.

I got a call to go way the hell out of the city limits to an old house with gingerbread trim and lace curtains and a circular brick drive that went all the way around it. It was a neat place, but sort of lonesome looking and isolated. I knocked on the door, and what answered it almost made the tools in my repair kit melt.

A fox to end foxes.

"Mmmm, oh, oh, oh . . ., mmm . . . oh! oh! ah! . . . ahh . . ."

"You wanted your TV fixed?" I managed.

She smiled at me — but not one of those leery kind of smiles, just a nice, healthy, beautiful smile. And she was dressed right, too. Some of the females come to the door wearing practically nothing but a grin. Not that I ever minded — but it does sort of take the macho challenge out of it.

"This way," she said.

I followed her into this living room that looked like it had been decorated before the Civil War. All old stuff, except for a brand-new, big-model TV in one corner.

I smiled.

"Something wrong?" she asked.

"No, it's just that your TV looks a little funny to me. I mean, sort of out-of-place."

I saw her cheeks grow a bit flushed. "It's all I have," she said, almost like she could cry about it.

"Hey, sorry," I said, feeling like a dumb ass.

"No, that's all right. I just meant, everything else is my aunt's. She let me get the TV just so I wouldn't go crazy living out here."

"You live alone, you mean?"

"Oh, no. Aunt Mae is upstairs — but she's very old, so I'm looking after her." She looked sort of desperate for a second. "I love her . . . but it does get so lonesome and boring at times."

"Yeah," I said, "I'm sure it does."

That was that, I thought. She left me alone with the set, and I went to work. There was nothing much wrong with it, just a couple of wires that had jangled loose. Then she re-appeared with a big pitcher of iced tea.

"Hey," I said, grinning.

"I thought you might like some," she said, smiling back — but the way she said it I knew she meant tea and nothing else.

She joined me on the sofa for a glass, and I kept noticing how she was looking at me. Nothing real sexy, but very, very intent. Then, dammit, if she didn't look like she was going to cry again.

"Hey, honey," I whispered, starting to slip my arm around her shoulder but not quite doing it. "Hey, what's the matter, huh?"

She gulped a couple of times, then looked at me again. "I'm awfully sorry, but you just — you —"

"I just what?"

"You remind me of Arthur, the boy I was going to marry. He was killed right — right before he was to graduate from college. He was going to be a lawyer."

"Hey, that's too bad," I said. "Sorry if I —"

She stopped me by putting her hand on my leg. It was a genuine, innocent enough gesture, but it sent a hot quiver of lust through me. I knew I wanted her, Arthur or no poor Arthur!

To my surprise she got up abruptly from the sofa and disappeared. She was back in a few seconds with one of those black caps college boys wear when they graduate, a flat-topped deal with a tassel hanging down one side.

"It was Arthur's," she said, almost reverently. "I never saw him wear it. Would you mind terribly just putting it on, Mr. — uh —"

"I'm Willy," I said.

"Would you put it on, Willy? I'm June. June Hamilton."

I put the nutty black cap on, and apparently I did just the right thing. Her blue eyes sort of melted romanticaly. "You do look like Arthur," she crooned, softly.

I'll spare you some of the details because you'd think I was just bragging again, but you wouldn't believe what happened in the next half-hour. Just let me say it took me only about five minutes to make her forget Arthur had ever gone to grade school, much less some damn college.

I was French-kissing her with my hand inside her panties when she broke away with a kind of passionate little slurp of her beautiful lips and whispered, "We'd better go into the back room!"

I grinned at her and kissed the tip of her cute nose, and at the same time I gave that fabulous, warm, pouting, silky mound between her legs a promising rub with the palm of my hand. "What about your aunt?" I asked.

I could tell she was worried as hell about that, but she was more worried about not getting what she desperately needed. "I think it will be okay," she whispered back, breathily. "She took a sleeping pill."

That was all I needed to hear.

Seconds later we were in a cozy little room way back under the oak stairwell — in what had once been a maid's room. And it had everything we needed. A bed.

Maybe you've heard it said that sex is crazy — but let me tell you, love is even crazier. By the time I got her dress and bra and panties off I was feeling romancier than Romeo! I knew she was thinking of nothing and nobody but her long-lost Arthur, but I had her — and I intended to make her do a switch in her emotions that she'd never forget.

She was green as hell, and that excited me even more. I tried to be gentle with her, but I was so madly horny that I finally just rolled her over like a lush feast of honey and started pumping!

She moaned beneath me, faintly protesting, but I couldn't have stopped even if her old auntie had appeared in the doorway with a double-barreled shotgun and the county sheriff! I humped until my knees ached, making her grow relaxed and soft and eager.

Right toward the end, she moaned again and shyly lifted the calves of her beautiful legs up over my steadily-driving butt. When she did that, my heart swelled like a big valentine and I poured my love into her with violent spasms of joy. She joined me, and it was

(continued on page 70)

Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman and the . . . no, she wasn't a farmer's daughter, but she was a crack saleswoman in her own way and the pitch was sex for sale

She looked pretty good. Standing by the side of the road she had her foot up on her pack and her thumb stuck boldly out at the passing cars. A breeze opened her jacket and he could see she wasn't wearing a bra; her nipple was prominent as it pressed taut against her red tee shirt. He pulled over and she got in without asking any questions, throwing her pack into the backseat next to his sales samples. His first impression of her had been right, she was good looking: blond hair, slightly dirty and a smell of the earth, a musty, lazy smell hung about her. She was young, perhaps about eighteen or so, and she was going all the way to Buffalo, about a five hours drive.

"Aren't you afraid hitchin like this?" he asked keeping his eyes on the road, "Do guys ever give you trouble?"

"Some do," she said reaching in her pocket, "I use this on them if I want to keep them off," showing a can of pocket mace.

"And if you don't?" he ducked his head and looked in the rear view mirror.

"I charge," she answered quickly.

The situation was shaping up fast. The scene was too obvious. Instead of of asking her how much she charged, like a million other guys must have done, he let it drop and turned on the radio. A song came on that he liked and he slapped the steering wheel keeping time. When another song was being played, he hummed softly.

His actions baffled her. He could feel her looking him over, wondering why he didn't jump at the chance. Abruptly he snapped off the radio. "So you charge, huh? I guess that means we're in the same profession. How much do you get?"

"Wait a second. What are you?"

"You don't mean to tell me you haven't heard of male prostitutes?"

She laughed, thinking she had the answer. "Oh, I see. You're a fag."

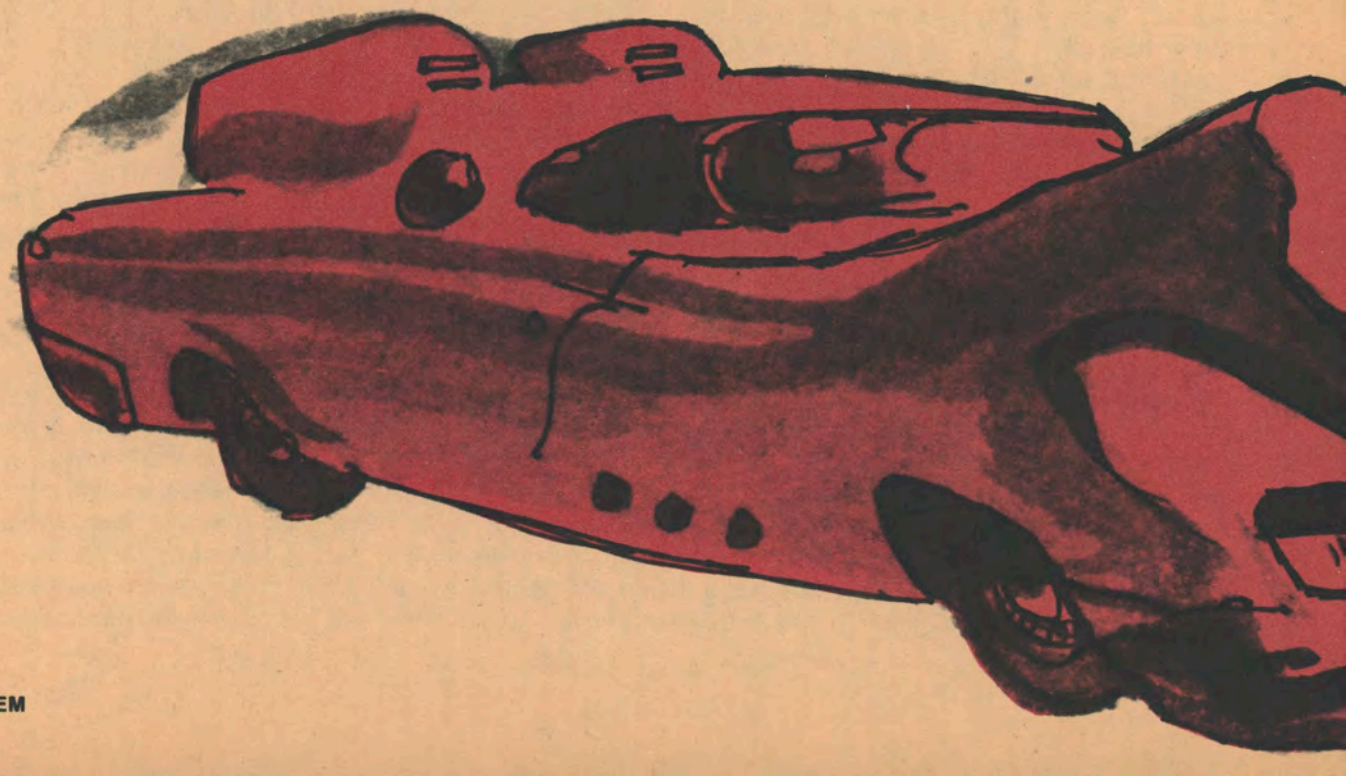
"Hardly." The seriousness of his voice even impressed himself. "But I'm interested. How much do you get for, say, a blow job?"

Her tongue flicked out nervously as if the bargaining had begun. "Twenty five bucks. How much do you get?"

"I told you, I'm no fag. I don't give blow jobs."

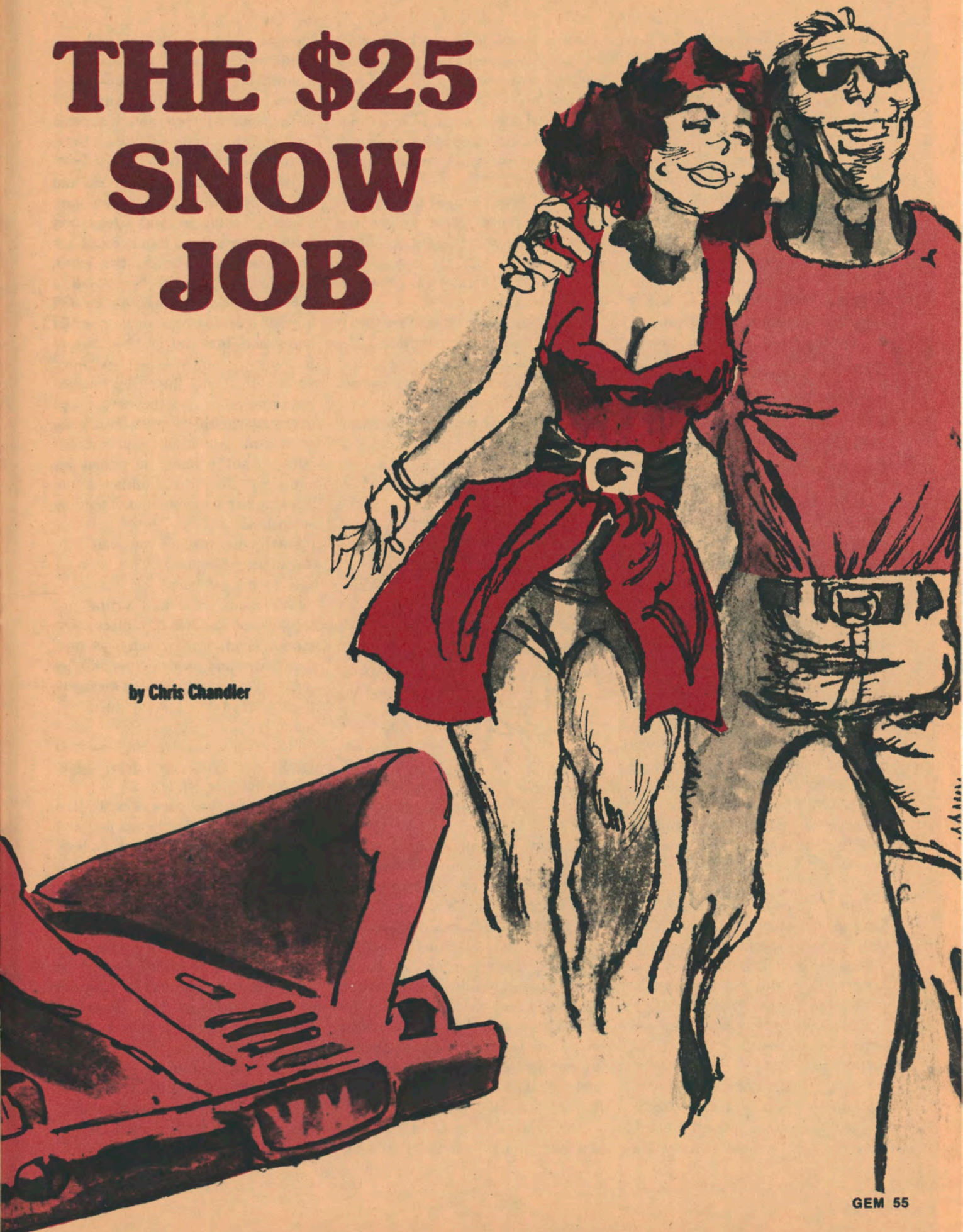
"Well, for whatever you do then." She was eager to get the lowdown but unwilling to admit that she didn't know something about sex.

"It varies, some of the broads want to get laid." He



THE $25 SNOW JOB

by Chris Chandler



paused, as if thinking for the first time about something that had always come naturally. "For that, it's a hundred and up. But you know, we make a night of it." He paused again, thinking, "Thing that's funny though, is most of them want to blow me. I don't know what it is. A woman takes one look at me—right off she wants to blow me."

"Well, what do you get?" she asked with a note of tension.

"Huh?" he pretented to have lost the thread of the conversation. "Oh. I don't know. If a woman stops me on the street and asks me I usually say, whatever you've got on you. You know, forty, fifty bucks."

She laughed nervously. "Now I know you're shittin me. You're just some salesman pulling my leg. I saw your samples in the back seat. I can spot a salesman a mile away."

He looked at her as if it were elementary. "It's a cover. What am I going to say if some big-assed state trooper pulls me over. But look," he said pulling off the road, "I'm starved, let's get something to eat."

When they were back on the rod again he got that same lazy feeling as when she first got in the car: a little sexual tension and a slight buzz from the drinks he had at lunch. He slumped in his seat and arched his back, pressing his fists against the roof of the car. A low groan escaped as he finished stretching.

"I'd sure like a little snooze. I've got a date tonight with this woman in Buffalo. She's been after me for months and I'm not looking forward to it."

"I don't get you," she said pulling her legs up onto the seat. "What makes you so special?"

He shrugged. "Dunno. I'd say find out, but I got this date tonight."

"Aw. Afraid you'll be tired?"

"It's not that. I just don't want you to be embarrassed."

"By what?"

"Well, I don't know how to say it. Most of the women I see—they're . . . you know, they've been around. They really know how to make me stand at attention, if you know what I mean. Being sleepy like this—if you couldn't make me get it up you'd feel kind of bad."

She slid over on the seat and putting her arm around his neck she reached for the snap on his pants. "Let me try."

"Not so fast," he said holding her away. "If you're going to get me going like this, I want a little something."

"Give me a break, man. I haven't got much money."

"What are you bitching about, you can make it up on the next ride." He held out his hand and snapped his fingers. "Come on, whatever you've got on you."

"I've only got twenty five bucks to last me till. . . ."

"That'll do," he cut in.

Grumbling, she reached into her

tight jenns and pulled out a twenty and a five. The money felt limp and sweaty and gave off her musty odor as he stuck it into his pocket.

Again she slid across the seat and brought her cool hand on the back of his neck. The ends of her young knees pressed into his flank and her firm breast and erect nipple bounced teasingly against his shoulder. Like a snake in a dank rain forest she coiled around the back of his neck and bit, sucking, then reamed his ear with her hot tongue.

The time was right, he thought, and sure enough, she slid slowly off his neck and lay on the seat with her head down in his lap. The snap gave a muffled pop and she shucked his pants back onto his bare loins. His underpants followed and his penis sprung out and counted time, twitching with his heavy heart beat.

With a low murmur of success and passion, she went to work on him. Moaning mingled with deep wet sounds. Her unused hand crept back under her and, opening her jeans, she began to play with herself, all of her body now moving. As he felt himself reaching orgasm he reached under her shirt and grabbed one of her boobs, pinching an extended nipple. All at once their cries reached the same pitch and they shuddered in ecstasy. Neither moved for a good while and, still in his lap, she fell asleep. Shortly after, he pulled his pants up, but she slumbered on, bringing her knees up and snuggling against her leg.

Finally he reached his exit. He shook her shoulder. "This is it, I have to get off here."

"Aw, man," she said sitting up, her face red and her eyes bleary. On her forehead, small ringlets of hair were curled and pasted to her skin by sweat. "Do I have to? I can meet you after your date. I want to do it again."

"No, I have to get going," he said quietly but firmly. She tried again but he cut her off.

She pulled her pack wearily into the front seat. As she turned to check the traffic before getting out, he took the twenty five dollars and tucked it into a side pocket of her pack.

After she got out, he checked his watch. He had just enough time to make his three o'clock sales appointment. As he pulled away from the curb he remembered how his father used to praise him. He always said he was a born salesman, could sell anything, a comb to a bald-headed man, a fan to an Eskimo, even air. He smelled the musty odor of the hustler whom he had just out-hustled and smiled—his father wasn't far off. □

WHOREHOUSE P'S AND Q'S

continued from page 17

in a dignified or at least discreet manner. Expectorating immediately on the bedclothes or upon the floor is usually frowned upon. If a glass and basin is immediately available it may be utilized in an easy manner. It is always good taste — if one has had the foresight — to take with him a flask filled with Hennessy or Grand Marnier; it denotes some breeding. Less expensive, but equally serviceable, is one of those canned cocktails usually filled with Pina Colada or some such, a swallow of which immediately after denotes lesser but some passing good manners. Most ladies in a salon de plaisir prefer and use their own mouthwash (Listerine, Lavoris, Yoo Hoo, etc) after semen-antics or soixante-neuf, but it is permissable for monsieur to offer the lady part of his cocktail. She, in turn, may accept his offer of an alcoholic beverage or refuse politely by stating: "No, thank you, I never drink on the job."

No gentleman worthy of the name will ask the lady of the house for a detailed listing of the ingredients, or a recipe, for what he has just tasted. On the other hand, he can during the meal itself, gently offer advice to her: "Don't eat quite so fast" or "Try to devour a little more and quicker, dear." If suggested in a kindly fashion, it breaches no form of etiquette.

Cleanliness Is Next To . . .

When the lady of his choice offers to help freshen him up a bit after the balling is over, a true gentleman will graciously accept it. It is also considered good manners to accept a cleansing before the event, not to off-handedly refuse by saying: "Don't bother — it all just came back from the cleaners." At some happenings, when a gentleman is too lazy (or senile) to wash his own equipment at a sink, the lady may offer to help him with either a moistened and aromatic paper like a "Wet One" or with a small wash basin, washcloth and soap. In the event of the latter, the man always holds the basin underneath his jewelry so that the lady can do the chore more efficiently with both her hands free. In cases where no such co-operation is forthcoming, and the lady has to hold the basin with one hand while her other attempts the washing process, many accidents occur that will both wet the feet and dampen any ardor that may exist between the participants. One more reminder here: If the lady happens to have long and sharp fingernails that somehow snag a bit of glans, a real gentleman does not shout: "Shit! . . . . . you drew blood." Nor will he attempt to accomplish the same feet on any part of her anatomy.

Give And Take

Paying is rather a routine affair in what in less costly days used to be called maison mal femme. The payout is in advance except in the toniest of establishments and for those with an impeccable line of credit. Tipping is another matter. Though some may offer a 15 or 20 per cent tip, in the better houses there goes on a negotiated commission rate such as exists in Wall Street between brokerage houses and the big institutional buyers. In tipping, offering Monopoly money is no longer considered humorous, and handing the lady "funny money" can even be downright dangerous. Stag parties or convention pilgrimages to whorehouses can be a matter of concern and embarrassment unless handled with tact. Nothing is tackier and shows more lack of etiquette than to haggle over each participant's share of the bill (assuming the safari leader has paid in advance for the hunting party and now seeks to assign costs in the entrance lobby). Just as women in a tearoom may attempt to fragment a bill fairly by asking,, "Who had the shrimp appetizer that cost one dollar extra?" — some uncouth patron in a group will often annoy real gentlemen in same. He will attempt to assign an extra cost to a member of the party by stating, "Jake owes 40 dollars more than the rest of us, he insisted on the girl having an extra whip — and we all got charged extra for it." Regardless of the bill of fare enjoyed by anyone, the entire cost should be shared equitably by taking the total cost and dividing it by the number of participants. It is good manners not to use a pocket calculator in public. □

"Have a sandwich and get your finger out of your dessert!"

Here's a healthy-looking gal we think you'll take a liking to right away. How could any red-blooded guy not go for this golden brown-haired babe's trim and sexy good looks?

Donnie tells us she keeps her body and soul in shape through a regimen of exercise, meditation, and health food. "One's spiritual and physical well-being are closely tied to each

DONNIE

other,'' she informed us. ''If you've got your head together but not your body, you can't be in touch with the cosmic unity of all things. And the reverse is true too, of course.''

Of course. Our personal experience has taught us that meditating upon Donnie's formidable physical attributes is an experience that produces the good vibes necessary to lift

our spirits. In other words, we think she's a boss chick with plenty on the ball, and we get off on her sumptuous bod.

A professional lingerie and stocking model, Donnie is conversant with all the latest fashions in frilly feminine underthings. She hopes someday to get into the designing end of the business. "I've already got my foot in the door," Donnie told us. "I've showed my designs to some of the heavy cats in the business, and they all say I've got talent."

We've never seen Donnie's fashion creations, but that doesn't stop us from concurring that she's loaded with talent — in all the right places. □

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YOU BETTER BE GOOD!

continued from page 45

lover, grows more beautiful, softer, silkier, until there is no part of her body you would not bring to your lips; her mouth, her throat, her breasts, her armpits, her belly her ass and her mound of joy. Oh wonderful, wonderful slit, secret and terrifying portal that men in days-gone-by rightly worshipped as divine.

And then there are the things she does, the way her fingers stroke your tool, cool and deliberate and always a surprise, the way she cups your balls in her hands, the way she kisses your neck, sucking hungrily and dangerously near the big artery, the way she runs her lips down your chest, the way she mouths your manhood.

What you are feeling is not just of the body, but of the actual spirit. Some part of you whose existence you have never truely understood is now alive and calling the shots.

All this while she kept on growling. "Grrrrrrrr, purrrrrr, snrrrrrrrrrr, rrrrrrrroooooooow!" My little lioness.

Good as my stories? I meant to try! She rolled away and rose up on her hands and knees, pushing her ass toward my face. I knew what she wanted. Hadn't I written all about it? I mounted from behind, like an animal, or like a man mounting an animal, a beautiful female animal that switched and rotated her hips and thrust back to meet him, wet and deep and warm, Grrrrrrrr, mrrrrrrrrrr, prrrrrrrrrr. The moment I struck bottom, it happened, a leaping, spine-chilling orgasm that continued and continued and miraculaously continued until I was exhausted.

Then we lay on the pillows and I held her against my chest, stroking her glossy hair.

"That was beautiful," I said.

"What do you mean *was*?" she said. "We're just getting started. Mr. Patkin, I warned you, you better be good as your stories!"

You have no idea what this poor girl had been reading. Not only had I thrown away the ones the editors rejected, I had also thrown away the ones I rejected.

Let me tell you how it is when you write stories. The imagination sometimes runs wild and out of control. You sit at the typewriter as if in a dream and your fingers move magically, guided by some part of the brain that generally stays safe under lock and key. Virgins get raped. Housewives seduce delivery people. Magic potions transform clergymen into raging libertines. Oh, the perversions! A man screws his child's doll. A wealthy nymphomaniac buys her own NBA franchise. That's the kind of stuff I'd thrown away, the kind of stuff she'd been reading. Good as my stories? It would have taken the soul of De Sade in the body of the Incredible Hulk!

And here was I, once-a-week Patkin, trying to get it up again. Oh, it is amazing how a young and beautiful woman can make a man young again; it is amazing how she springs you back to life, how your pecker suddenly rises into a marvelous second erection, more marvelous than the first because this time you know it will last and last. No fancy stuff, just roll her on her back, spread her legs, and slide in.

What a lot there is to be said about the good old missionary position, man on top, woman below, the best way after all because you can look straight into her face while you are doing it and watch how she becomes more beautiful with each stroke. Even ugly woman become beautiful and this lady was beautiful to begin with. She had her tongue firmly between her teeth, and her eyes wide open, first watching my face, then looking down to where our bodies joined. Her hands ran sensually up and down my back, her legs rose and wrapped around me. In this position it almost seems obligatory that a man say "I love you." You do love her, you love her beauty, you love her womanness; you think of paradise as imagined by the Moslems; you think of an eternity spent in long slow fucking and finally, when you come, you come in sweet precious strokes, each of which seems to draw from the tenderest depths of your entrails. You want to empty every bit of your body into hers.

But good as my stories? She must have read the one about the evil psychiatrist, the man with satyriasis, Attilla and the captured convent.

Not that she wanted the kinky stuff, she just wanted more. No one had ever told her that after so much, there is no more. When it finally wouldn't come up again, she started muttering about our mayor. For some reason she seemed to think that our mayor, who, God knows, has difficulties enough of her own, would find time to persecute a harmless writer if he didn't come up with more.

Then I remembered. One of the stories I'd thrown away was about a lady mayor who'd made a very personal investigation of the vice dens on Rush Street. I started trying harder.

Meanwhile, Bailey was tearing up the garbage. The stupid dog didn't even bark when the door opened and Carl came in.

That was his name, Carl. I remember her screaming, "Carl! Put that knife away!"

Knife? I jumped out of bed and ran for the kitchen, naked of course; there were my pants underneath Bailey who cannot be moved when he's chewing a bone. Bailey showed me his teeth, just in case I'd forgotten.

Carl was right on my heels, waving that knife, shouting curses. Luckily, Bailey had garbage spread all over the linoleum and Carl went skidding through it and right out the door which, in his furor, he had forgotten to close. A second later I heard the railing splinter — then a long ominous silence. I tiptoed onto the porch and found him hanging by his fingertips four flights above the alley. Our eyes met, but there really wasn't too much either of us wanted to say. I ran back and got my pants from Bailey who, in his haste to swallow the bone, was choking. The last thing I did before leaving was to gather all my manuscripts. It would not do to have this lady reading them again. She stood in the bedroom door, naked, beautiful, my semen clinging to her thighs. "Sorry to disappoint you," I said. "But you should know, no man is as good as his stories." I grabbed the leash and dragged Bailey back down the stairs. This time he tried to claw in the other direction. From the alley I looked up. Carl was still clinging to the porch. His sister or wife (I really don't know which) was leaning over the rail waving something white. At the moment I thought it was a handkerchief.

Well, the rest is — no joke intended — anti-climax. I dragged Bailey home. I hung my coat and hat and sat down to watch the ten-o'clock news. There was our mayor scolding the newsmen, announcing layoffs in the sanitation department, stripping another ward committeeman of his patronage. That's when I began to suspect the truth. I shuffled through my manuscripts; sure enough, one was missing, the very one my neighbor had waved from her porch railing: the story about the lady mayor and her vice investigation. So I knew I could expect another command performance.

In a few days, I thought. A week at the most. Then I would be ready to go again. And I had to admit, there were worse things in this world to look forward to. I closed my eyes and began to relax. Then I heard my wife enter the room.

"Honey . . . ."

And she only calls me that when she wants something. □

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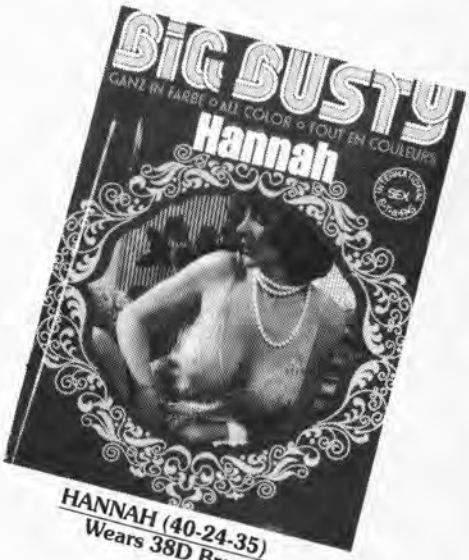

HANNAH (40-24-35)
Wears 38D Bra

COLE (38-22-36)
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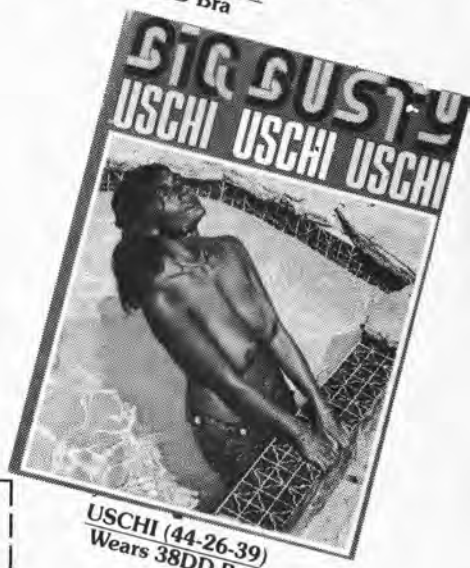

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JILL

At an indoor upstate rink, we could not help but notice the charms of this buxom babe. Waltzing across the ice she seemed to skim across the surface like an agile dancer, her breathtaking body held in absolute precision. We were so taken by the lady's performance that we stopped right in the middle of the figure eight (4) we had been so deftly executing. You can't blame us for staring, for the lovely Miss Jill sports a delightful pair of BUF knockers.

Only a year or so ago, Jill quit her job as

part-time receptionist at a health spa and set off for Finland, which she heard was a groovy place for skiing and skating. She spent the next half-year living with Laplanders in the north of Finland.

The virgin lakes of northern Finland allowed ample room for practice and experimentation with new ice-skating figures and sleek and shapely Jill is better than ever. And that's saying a lot. Because this gal with the splendid jutting breasts is one good skate.

SERVICE CALL

continued from page 53

all over — all but what I knew I had to tell her.

"I've got to see you again, June," I whispered hungrily in her cute ear. "I'd even like to meet your aunt."

Her long fingernails trailed over my glistening back, and sent another incredible thrill of pleasurable lust through me.

"Leave your phone number," she purred. "I'll talk to Aunt Mae, and tell her about you. I — I think she'll like you. She's really very sweet."

On my way back to town I could have driven the repair truck with my damned toes I was so happy and floating. I was in love, finally!

A couple of days went by, but no call.

On the third day, I called her on the shop phone.

"June — it's Willy. I was wondering if maybe we could—"

"I don't think so," she cut in, her voice trembling.

"Hey, why not, honey? Didn't you ask your aunt if I could—"

"Please, Willy — I think you'd better just forget me! I'm — I'm sorry . . ."

I heard her give one little gulp and hung up. She left me staring at the receiver and listening to the dial tone.

"Something wrong, boy?" Old Man Jones said, coming up behind me.

I told him about June Hamilton and her nice old aunt— not everything, but enough to let him know I was maybe in love.

"Mae Hamilton's got a niece?" Old Man Jones said, drily. "Poor gal."

"What do you mean?"

"I know Mae — used to, anyhow. She's a cross old bitch, selfish as they come. Bet she's got that niece of hers practically a slave out there, waitin' on her hand and foot. She don't want to lose her, that's why you're out of the picture, Willy."

I brooded about that the rest of the afternoon, first feeling sorry for myself, then feeling sorry for June, then getting mad as hell about the whole thing.

I was so worked up that when I went out on one call and had this red-haired nympho on Fenton Avenue try to put the make on me, I couldn't even get the urge.

When I got off work, I headed straight back to the old house. I intended to have a head-to-head talk with that old witch Aunt Mae if it hair-lipped Congress!

I braked my truck right in front of the house and pounded on the door. June appeared, looking flushed and upset.

"Where is she?" I demanded.

"Willy, I told you—"

"I know what you told me, June. I also know all about your sweet old Auntie Mae. I wanta talk to her about us."

I pushed past her.

"Willy," she yelped behind me. Please don't—"

But I was already into the living room, crusading for my rights and the rights of the girl of my dreams.

And then I saw him sitting on the sofa. A guy about my age, wearing work clothes, a silly grin, and the college cap. He had a big glass of iced tea in his hand.

She followed me back to the door, sort of chattering away like a goddam drunk sparrow. But I wasn't listening. I only stopped long enough to give her a savage look and say. "You'd better lay in a fresh supply of sleeping pills, baby. That old dame might actually catch you at this!"

When I got back in my truck I drove all the way around the house, and there it was, a big green van with Pete's Plumbing printed on the side.

I was still boiling all the way back to town. I was even sore when I made the turn onto Fenton Avenue.

But when the red-head came to her door in nothing but a skimpy slip, I knew everything was going to soon be okay. □

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